MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

ARROW OF DEATH PART 1

SUPPLIED BY

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DIGITAL FANTASIA

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It is now five years since, against fearful odds, you regained possesion of the Golden Baton of the ancient Elf Kingdom and returned it to it's rightful place in the throne room at the Palace of Ferrenuil. Since that day you have been widely acclaimed as a great hero and a fearless warrior, your province has prospered thanks to the power forged into the Baton by the long gone race of Elves. You have lived in quiet contentment, enjoying your life amongst the pleasant, honest folk of the local Village. Things couldn't be better, or so it seemed until two months ago...

It started with a spell of appallingly bad weather. Once the rain started it dragged on and on until it seemed hard to remember what life was like before the rain. Young crops in the fields died and local farmers began to fear for their harvest as field after field became waterlogged and unworkable. Gloom and despair settled like dark clouds upon the hearts of the despondent farmers. A strange bitterness began to manifest itself in the people, fights between old friends were becoming alarmingly commonplace. An ill feeling was spreading like a cancer through souls that were once proud and honest.

The situation seems to be reaching a crisis point when you are visited by a personal messenger from the King. From him you learn of the evil transformation that has befallen the Golden Baton. Whereas before, the Baton had shone with a brilliance far surpassing that of ordinary Gold, now it was dull and tarnished. Worse still was the feeling of evil that seemed to originate in the Baton itself. Anyone in the near vicinity was afflicted with an almost tangible feeling of hatred for living, growing things.

So dangerous was the feeling that the King and all occupants were forced to abandon the palace and seek peace of mind in their mountain stronghold to the North. Zardra, the King's sorcerer was prevailed upon to examine the Baton, it was hoped that he could trace the source of the evil power and banish it to the nether regions. For three days he has been alone in the castle, allowing no-one to enter whilst he battles with an unseen force. Horrific screams accompanied by searing flashes of lightning and thunderous detonations have issued from the Throne room, clearly the source of the evil is mighty indeed.

With fear in your heart you journey with the messenger to the Palace, secretly hoping that Zardra will defeat the unseen enemy. As you ride in silence through the dark night your mind is troubled my a nameless dread. If Zardra is defeated, surely a mere mortal such as yourself cannot hope to stand up against the evil power that threatens the future of your land.....

ARROW OF DEATH

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